

Miss Evie A. Grant.

Present
C. H.



March 24, 1881. —

Fast thirteen years ago to-day,
Since first your eyes the light did see;
Yes, thirteen years have passed away;
O, what shall the future be?

I ask not pleasures unalloyed,
For that a useless wish would be,
Since sorrow many hath destroyed,
Yet may it lightly rest on thee.

When your girlhood's days are flown,
And life's realities you learn;
O, may the seeds that you have sown
Bring no thistles in return.

But wheat from tares can scarce be free;
So bind up the golden grain,
And let the tares behind you be
Scorched by the sun, and washed by the rain.

'T were vain to recall the days that are fled,
But the future before you now lies;
O, lend well the flowers ere they be dead;
Consider the Lillies and be wise.

The Lily. Emblem of purity and meekness;
no sin to stain its leaves; no haughty pride
to mar its beauty, and spoil its sweetness.

"Accept this token,
From your Friend
Emily.
L. B.